



A PLAID SKIRT OF FOREST GREEN AND OCHRACEOUS CLOTH, WITH SHIRT WAIST OF GREEN LAWN.

ELLEN OSBORN'S FASHION LETTER.

She Goes Forth to Sketch the Golf Girl and Describes Her in Detail.

NEW YORK, June 15.—The golf mite, when discovered, will prove to be the strongest and most found of all birds.

There are those who pretend to doubt the legend that Mary Queen of Scots was seen playing at golf in the fields about Selton the day after the dark tragedy of her life, the murder of Darnley, but to one who has watched the workings of the golf ball, the only dubious part of the story is its closing statement that in Scotland, the home of the ancient and royal game, such devotion to it was much criticized.

Once the mite of golf has obtained judgment to a comely figure, its ravages spare neither age nor sex. Happy is the man whose wife allows him to "put" in the parlor, and receives her best cases and jars to the holding of golf balls.

"What woman in the United States is most to be envied?" asked a philosophical observer of a group on the piazza of a summer hotel.

"None," answered one girl glazer, following with her eyes the movements of a young woman who retreated into the evening shadows carrying with her the lion of the resort, a minor poet and magnate.

"None," said another, mentioning the girl whose dress had been the sensation of the previous evening's ball.

"Miss Beatrice Hoyt," returned with much seriousness a young thing of staff and furbelow.

"Of course," answered the woman who had first spoken, and the journey of ascent was begun.

If the plucky and shifty holder of the woman's championship for the last three years were to add the golf fashion, they would be very simple. Miss Hoyt's costume for the links is almost invariably a silk blouse free from anything stiff in collar, belt or cuffs; a short brown skirt, sailor hat and heavy golf shoes. Her hair is braided and turned up with a brown ribbon bow, and sunbonnets, veils and big hats are never called upon to protect her clear brunette complexion.

For the benefit of the golf girl who gets more store of comely of costume, and whose outfit has come almost to demand a special car for its transportation to the links, the ladies' tailors and the sporting goods stores are bringing out new coats, new skirts, new blouses, new hats, improved bags, improved clubs and improved golf trunks almost daily.

The trunk, to begin at the beginning, is something to excite amazement. It is of tan horse leather, and certain examples of it look like a wondrous house to let with the amount of room they provide for every "mashie," "clubbick" and "putter." Tallyhoes, shoes, sunbonnets and only the golf girl knows what she has there, and for the golf girl's family for collecting traps is past understanding.

The caddy bag, to take things in their order, has this season a bigger mouth, to enable it to disgorge more easily the particular club wanted. Some of the newest bags are of a light, thin leather lined with canvas, but these present no special advantages.

The ble brother, husband or sweet-heart who accompanies the golf girl to the links is wearing at present a green jacket, that is not altogether an improvement on the old scarlet, which showed up to picturesque advantage against the background of grass and sky. His knick-

ers are made tighter at the knees and less hairy over the thigh than formerly. His thick stockings are of a green turtan plaid, and gaiters are no longer on rails.

The girl herself has changed her colors. She wears a light green dress, and a light green "putt" jacket, but, unfortunately, she has not changed her hair. The hair of the golf girl is a light green, and she gives it curls and waves of Lincoln green. But her favorite coat is of light green serge with scarlet velvet collar and heavy golf shoes. Can you wonder that the golf girl is so very short and made with a flat collar back and shawl collar, this smart coat is worn with a red silk ascot, with silk sleeves, or, in the best grown example, with a silk ascot-shirt worn in bright colors.

As June moves towards July, the golf girl of large plaid in dull greens and dull reds gives place to one of Scotch flannel or of blue or dark or plaid, and to match the skirt or even a little below them, the skirt of the links (usually narrow, short, stiff, of colored silk or lawn) is special designs for the little girls' wear, or, if she is really an enthusiastic golfer, laid on one foot and indefatigable as to distance, equal to a long play in the brilliant all from back to front, narrow silk knickerbockers button at her knees. Dainty affairs these are, and must be worn with a pair of light-colored shoes or stockings, and often laid in the according to the golf girl's shoe of soft tan calf.

With this outfit, the golf girl is not at all a new thing for women, and though a few are equal to play of a championship quality, the average of

with round bullock toe and low flat heel, is not worn so high as last season. It is laced, its top is cut straight, and its soles, which project beyond the shoe to a truly masculine degree, are fearfully and wondrously deflated, except that the hummocks which dot its bottom are really hummocks and not hobnails.

If the golfer indulges in a sunbonnet, it matches in color her skirt waist, if she is wise. Plaid pink and blue lawn of saucy shape belong with the percale waists, and more delicate chiffon and muslin bonnets with the dainty silk blouses.

The sunbonnet, I suspect, are more a theory than a condition. I have seen them every day the past month in the shops and not once on the links, though I have looked for them over the course at Richmond and at Leesylvania and at least half a dozen other smart Long Island summer places. The bonnets as made are mostly too diaphanous of fabric to afford any protection from the sun.

The favorite headgear is a smart little tall hat, with the crown just as high as the skirt, in color pure white, cream or butter colored; and as to trimming, pretty evenly divided between a severely plain band in black or dark blue, with a flat, straight bow at the side, and a gray, faded band of bright plaid silk combining the colors of the skirt tartan.

One of the best costumes to be seen this week on the Morristown links, which are managed by women, was of white French duck, the skirt, which reached just to the ankles, being turned up with a deep hem, edged with hemstitching. Every seam in the blouse was hemstitched, giving a smart touch without a particle of ornamentation. The blouse was a simple fitting blouse with a yoke formed of hemstitched squares, the collar matching. The belt and the white tie with loose sailor knot in front had the same hemstitching. The beauty of the costume was its exquisite cut and its simplicity, there being nothing to prevent it from going into the tub for repeated washings, even the most inexperienced of country landladies being unable to work injury. A soft little hat of white, with a black, trimmed with a white cord, was its accompaniment.

Another all white costume, fit for this white season, had an enormous sailor collar, the top of a yardling dress, and was worn with a rather large white clip hat, whose trim was bound with white ribbon, and whose crown, higher on the right side than on the left, showed the inevitable sag of a quilted crown through a faded band of white, which was trimmed with a white cord.

A striking dress in chrome yellow duck was trimmed with ribbon brown, and a novel suit in blue linen had a plain light-colored skirt with an old-fashioned, showing navy blue and front an ivory or white, plain. Vest and neck were of white serge also. The belt of blue serge with white leather trimmings had a gilt harness buckle. With this suit a white hat was worn, having a plain, gold, inlaid band of blue, tan and white. A skirt of large plaid in forest green and scarlet red cloth was worn with a long, straight jacket of hunter's green, showing cuffs and bands of the scarlet silk. The blouse, edged with white, showed the most delicate of a quilted crown, which was thrown aside in the best

skill on the links seldom impresses one as high. Women do not appear to see as accurately, and they certainly cannot hit as far as men. With few exceptions the women who do well at driving at all their success by playing without stays. Lady Margaret Scott, for three years, until she withdrew from competition, the woman champion of Scotland and probably the best player of her sex in the world, swings her driver very far over her shoulders, and wears nothing confining at waist, throat or wrist. The abandonment of stays must always be a matter of taste and governed by the necessities of each figure, but the advantages to be derived in the game cannot be denied.

Most golf girls, however, are more anxious for fresh air and the removal of the reproach of the "golf widow," than for very heavy wreaths of lard, or so at least it appears from their constancy to high stocks, stiff cuffs and tight sleeves.

One authority estimates the average expenditure of each golf player as \$125 per year upon the game, a figure which, far above the mark for some, is even farther below for those whose golf suits alone, leaving out of account the shoes and the cost of maintenance of the season, cost up that amount in shoe order.

Running from \$50 as a minimum to \$100 as a maximum for individual expense, and estimating 15000 golf players in the country, the same authority reckons no the amount annually spent in this country for golf at \$1,500,000—not a small bill.

ELLEN OSBORN.

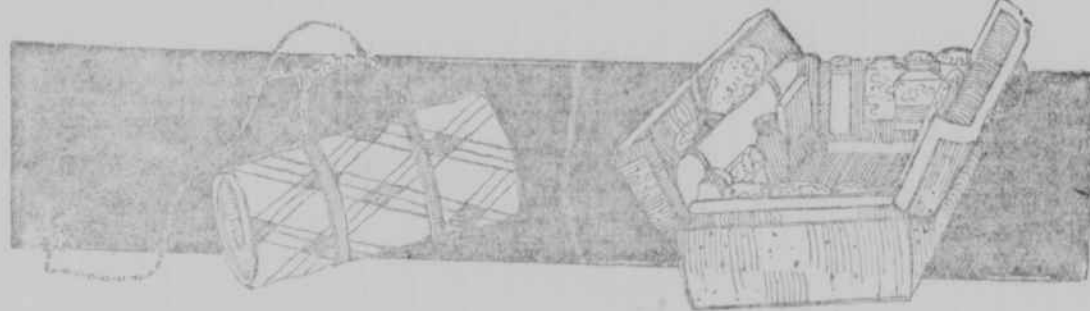
Basy American Women.

A curious fact about the nervous hurry and activity of American women is that their occupation is so constant that leisure is beginning to be a condition which they do not know how to meet. The suggestion (which we believe is Stevenson's) that "when you have found a day to be idle, be idle for the day," is one they cannot follow. A couple of hours or an afternoon wholly dissipated coming suddenly to the busy woman, are a positive unhappiness.

She does not seem to know what to do with them. It is this being unable even to "let go" that brings in the end nervous prostration. A prominent society leader of New York was asked once how she managed to get through with so many social engagements as she did. "Because," she replied, "I stop when I begin to feel tired. I give up any engagement at the eleventh hour, unless it be a dinner one. If I discover that I am tired at its beginning, I then decide that over and over again one white one's self to meet a social obligation that one could very well have stayed away from even at the last moment."—Chicago Post.

Letting It Out.

A lady who had a servant somewhat given to curiosity inquired, on returning from a visit one afternoon: "Did the postman leave any letters, Mary?" "Nothing but a postcard, ma'am," "Who is it from, Mary?" "And do you think I'd



THE TRAVELLING OUTFIT OF THE GOLF GIRL.

at the attention, disclosing a shirt waist of hunter's green linen, with belt of red canvas and small end of the skirt. With this outfit appeared a blouse, dark but with a stiff collar. Though golf is not at all a new thing for women, and though a few are equal to play of a championship quality, the average of

fortune to be invited at a fashionable establishment, one must almost say that they were in demand. Rather an innovation in a skirt is the lack of lining. Many of the wool-grease ladies have no lining at all except a facing of a contrasting material around the waist. It is said that a nice way to be talking about your own mother.—Sydney Times and Country Journal.

DRESSES FOR TRAVELLING

Light Weight All Wool Materials in Tailor Finish.

ARE TRIMMED WITH BRAIDS.

The Sheath Skirt Increasing in Favor and Will Live Through the Summer—Hats and Stocks for Travelling.

PARIS, June 1.—Going away is no longer a June matter. It has become so fashionable to take summer journeys that the travelling gown is donned at frequent intervals during the summer. There is Tronville to be visited and there is Dinard; and then there are the many mountain places; for Switzerland in summer is such an exceedingly fashionable as well as healthful place. The mountains of Switzerland are more invigorating than the climate of any other place and Paris women who are laden with the festivity of winter hurry to Switzerland to breathe the air. Switzerland at this season is very well peopled with Americans and one hears frequently of Dr. Packhurst, who has stopped at the foot of the Matterhorn every summer for many years. For the Alps one needs all wool travelling dresses; and these materials come this year so light that they are chosen in preference to any other. Parties of Parisian tourists, all women, off for the mountains dressed in wool gowns are no uncommon sight. They wear dresses of corded cloth, wool grenadine, tweed, wool chevot, light serge, wool crepe and hunting.

A conspicuous feature of the tailor-made suit is its neatness. This has always been its attractive point, but it was feared that the tailor suit would lose its neatness if elaborately trimmed. But, though we have the advantage of, they are by no means fancy, their trimming being confined to braids and bands of material.

Graffie grenadine was the material chosen for a very pretty travelling dress for the mountains. The graffie showed frequently a block of the solid color, either in gray or black. There was a speck of red and a tiny dot of blue in the goods, making it greatly resemble Scotch tweed.

It is with reluctance that the writer chronicles the fact that skirts are not getting shorter. On the contrary they seem to lengthen, for they now rest several inches on the ground. It was hoped that the Paris couturiers would decide against the trimmed skirt for street wear, but up to the date of writing they have not done so; and at a recent display of street models to which I had the good



A GOLF DRESS OF CHROME YELLOW DUCK TRIMMED WITH TOBACCO BROWN.

made and fastened tightly to the stock and does not need to be fast daily. The stock hooks under the bow. By this little arrangement an appearance can always be kept up no matter how hurried the toilette.

Travelling in the Alps is a fearful thing, for accommodations are extremely limited. A certain fashionable Newport woman after a trip in the Alps said that no lady would ever willingly endure mountain climbing.

Many persons spend the summer with a trunk full of travelling dresses which they use for walking, boating and all outdoor trips, with hair a dust and all of all grades, from mud to silk, for model occasions.

GENERAL RICHARD KENNON.

The Unken Grave of a Distinguished Officer of the Revolution.

CHARLOTTE CITY, Va., June 15.—Special.—But few people of this county are aware that a general of the Revolution rests beneath the turf of Mecklenburg. His descendants are scattered in many States who are doubtless ignorant of the last resting place of their distinguished ancestor.

In a few miles of this town on the farm of Mr. T. E. Roberts in a large, old-fashioned field is a small place covered over with brush, large stones and running vines with an enclosure is a grave upon which is laid a large stone with the inscription roughly cut, "General R. Kennon" and the date of death is much effaced, but only 18 can be seen—supposed to be 1801.

General Richard Kennon who is there interred at his old home, entered the Revolutionary War as lieutenant of a Virginia company, he rose to rank of brigadier-general. He received the thanks of the Continental Congress for his gallant gallantry at the battle of Cowpens, fought

between the armies of Tarleton and Morgan, 16th January, 1781, was a member of the Order of the Cincinnati; made county lieutenant of Mecklenburg in 1799; was a member of House of Delegates and Senate of Virginia.

He was appointed the first Governor of Louisiana by President Jefferson but died before assuming his duties.

He married Elizabeth Beverly Munford, daughter of Robert Munford, the presiding justice of Mecklenburg's first county court in 1765.

Among the descendants of this union was Commodore Beverly Kennon killed in 1817 by the burning of a cannon on the steamer Princeton, on which was President Tyler with numerous attendants. A daughter, Miss Short Edgeworth Kennon, married Commodore Arthur Kennon. Their eldest daughter, Elizabeth Beverly Kennon, married Commodore William C. Whitte. A son, Erasmus Kennon, married Nancy Carter Nelson in 1817, a daughter of Major John Nelson of Mecklenburg.

The people of Lunenburg before this county was formed from it show large houses of land owned to Richard Kennon.

As Thomson in his Tansard says: "The death of those distinguished by their station, but by their virtues more, awakes the mind to solemn dread, and strikes a suddening awe."

Not that we grieve for them, but for ourselves. Let to the toll of life, And let the best are, by the playful children of this world. At once forgot, as they had never been."

They Can't Keep a Secret

Mama-Johnny, I fear you were not at school yesterday.

Johnny—If I know the teacher told you. A woman can never keep a secret.

—Gray Stories.



THE SECRET OF THE GOLF GIRL'S LIGHTNESS OF FOOT.



Caroline Rose Goodwin

FOR THE ALPS ONE NEEDS A WOOL TRAVELLING DRESS.